

FIVE SHOTS BY A MADMAN.

ONE FOR HIS SISTER, THREE FOR

Michael Harvey, Who Was Permitted to Leave Flatbush Asylum on Probation,

At his meager friend and woman
Two Colliers at His Home—Then He Re-
leaves the Pistol and Kills Himself—His
Appears in the Doorway, Woman in
Hand, as They Are Seated About a Ta-
ble—Flight of Two Women Down a Fire
Escape—A Fall to a Stone Contrived.

Michael Harvey and his younger sister Katie came to this country about six years ago from Birkenhead-on-Tyne. They went to South Brooklyn and found employment on the Boston dry docks, where at last he met his wife. He immediately married James Duffy, a boiler maker, and he made his home with them. About three years ago one of a team of horses hauling about the dry docks began to kick and plunge. Michael Harvey was standing near by and was knocked senseless. His fall was in the road. He was taken to the hospital and had a long attack of brain fever.

Since that time every one who has known him has felt that he was not exactly right in his head. Nearly all the time he was perfectly rational, and a pleasant man to talk with. But again he would have queer spells, and would talk about the things that he thought he was very fond of him, cry over him to her husband and her friends. But, as he was at

all times perfectly peaceable and mild of manner, no one thought him in the least dangerous.

He was not a strong man, being of medium build and of medium height. His head had that shape which is looked upon as suspicious by experts in insanity. His chin retreated and his eyes had rather unusual prominence. He was easily persuaded by his friends, and was altogether a negative sort of person. Though he was 32 years of age, he never showed any inclination to marry. When he worked he brought the money to his sister, depending little of it upon himself. When he was not feeling well his brother-in-law supported him without complaint.

After the death of his father, Mr. Duffy, now 47, married a woman named Duffy, moved to a front apartment on the second floor of a three-story and basement tenement at 143 Van Dyke street, in Brooklyn. They were very happy in this little house, although no room in it was big enough for six persons to sit without crowding. The first wife

HARVEY, TIM HARVAN. William Dickinson and his wife and his young brother Sam, and John Connaughton and his wife as intimate friends. These people came to see them nearly every day. Harvey was a tall, thin, strong, good-natured Englishman, clever at singing and drawing a sketch. He was especially kind to Michael Harvey. They were great friends, so much together that Mrs. Connaughton used to complain about it as a good-natured way.

As nearly as can now be recalled, it was last November that Harvey had a stroke of his stroke. His health failed and his queer spells grew more frequent. He said he heard voices coming out of the walls, threatening him, urging him to pray, telling him that his friends were persecuting him. He seemed to understand a good part of the time that these voices were the voices of his friends, but he would be the least violent about them. Sometimes he would spend the night on his knees, weeping and crying aloud. But still he was for the greater part of the time perfectly sane. As the winter advanced he grew more peculiar, and in the spring his sickness was so bad that he was taken to the St. Elizabeth Hospital, Massachusetts Asylum. March 4 last two officers from the asylum came after him and led him home. He was then 33 years old.

He was satisfied to go and he soon began to

ence a week and John Connaughton also went after to cheer him up. After the first month or so of this confinement he began to plead with his sister to let him go home with her. "I'm all right again," he would say. "The doctors are leaving me alone." He seemed to have a grudge against his brother-in-law, upon whom he laid the blame for his long confinement. But his, too, passed away, and in the late summer of 1901 he began to work to get him released. The doctors insisted on his staying, and it was not until January, Dec. 6, less than two weeks ago, that they gave way before her and his relatives and let him go on probation. He tried to get out of the form of trouble he was to be returned. The doctors did not think him cured, but thought him

Mrs. William Onken, who has charge of the tenement, which, by the way, is far above the average tenement in furnishing and cleanliness, was brought over, and agreed to allow

The first week Harvey acted as though he had never been out of his head, and on Dec. 1 Mrs. Duffy reported to the Flatbush asylum that her brother was "improving in health."



But with the beginning of this week Harvey began to hear the voice again. They were low and far away, and their commands or threats made little impression on him, he said. Tuesday evening he wandered about the streets of the neighborhood, answering the mysterious voice. Occasionally with shrieks and screams, gesturing frantically.

He drank and ordered him to go home. He slaved down and obeyed. Wednesday evening he was alone in his room. He was alone because he was violent, not toward his sister, but toward those strange voices calling from the walls, roaring in his ears, jeering and threatening him.

The neighbors heard his shouts and groans, and the landlady talked to Mrs. Duffy about it. Mrs. Duffy said she intended to send him back to his mother's house that night. Thursday evening, as they all sat at supper, Harvey looked at Duffy queringly and said:

"Jim, I would kill you if it wasn't for your mother."

Jim made Duffy and his wife uneasy. They

members the old suspicion about his standing being his enemy. But they laughed it off. Duffy watched Harvey closely, however, and was a good deal relieved when he started out for a walk. He did not come back until late, and they did not notice that his watch and chain were gone, nor did they know then what he had done with them. As he had no money,

He went to his room, which was separated from the kitchen dining room by a small hall, to which both doors open. Duffy and his wife, who were sleeping in the room, were awakened by the noise. They heard a man raving and screaming and groaning several times in the night. Before she went to bed Mrs. Duffy had taken down the bed curtains and the top bureau drawer in the parlor and had hidden them behind a picture frame.

At breakfast Harvey was all right again. He could not sleep though he had not slept, but his talk was perfectly sane. Duffy, on the other hand, was so excited that he could not eat. He took the coach from Works, stopped at William Dickinson's house, 553 Clinton street, and asked Mr. Dickinson to go over and play with him. He said that he was afraid to go out by himself. He wanted Dickinson to